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## MISANTHROPY.

MISANTHROPY, or that state in which one individual out of the mass of mankind presumes to hate and despise all the rest, may arise from various causes, and may take possession of minds constitutionally a good deal different from each other; but we are prepared to contend that all minds in which it is considerably developed, must agree in one essential point.

One of the circumstances which we most frequently see producing misanthropy, is personal deformity. A slight malformation of one limb is now believed to have been the chief source of this feeling in Byron. He shrunk from human society because the calf of his right leg was a little shrunk, and the heel a little raised off the ground, so that he appeared slightly inferior to other people. It was this ever-present sense of a trifling and merely bodily defect which gave so strange a tinge to his life and poetry. He could not endure mankind as a mass, because they for the most part had calves exactly of a match, and limbs strictly equal in length. But if so small a personal blemish made the great poet misanthropical, how much more misanthropical ought all persons to be whose fate it has been to be still more deformed! Those, for instance, who want limbs altogether, or have them hopelessly crooked and shrunk up, so as to be of no use, ought to hate mankind ten times more than Byron did. Many, however, who are thus miserably deformed, do not appear in the least misanthropical, but, on the contrary, are remarkable for very great kindness of nature. The explanation of this seeming contradiction is, that the immediate cause of the misanthropy in Byron was, not his shrunk leg, but the pride which made him anxious to have as good legs as his neighbours. He was a man of great self-esteem, as we may readily discover in many other parts of his story; and this it was which chafed and fretted him under a small natural evil, which banished him from the common haunts of his kind, and prompted that strain of morbid feeling which runs through the whole of his writings. The deformity was only the remote cause, and, with a man of different nature—as with Scott, for example, whose lameness was greater, but who had little self-esteem—it might have had a very different effect, or none at all.

If we carefully examine other cases of misanthropy, where it seems to arise from deformity, we shall generally find reason to conclude that self-esteem is also present, and is the immediately operating cause. From all that we know of Richard III., it is clear that he possessed great self-esteem: he could not have otherwise been so ambitious. In the dwarf whom Scott took up and idealised in one of his tales, self-esteem could be traced as the direct and immediate cause of the misanthropy which possessed him: he not only wished to live, but he desired even to be buried, apart from the common herd of men, whom he regarded as mere rubbish. Proverbial wisdom speaks of the ill-nature of cripples, and fiction usually represents them as malignant and misanthropical; altogether overlooking the fact that many cripples are persons of extremely sweet and placid nature. To be strictly correct, we should say, and fiction should assume, that a cripple with much self-esteem is apt to be cankered, but that a modest man may scarcely have the general appearance of a human being, and yet be a great lover of his kind.

Misanthropy, again, often seems to spring from disappointments in life. One who entered the world under favourable circumstances, and with high hopes, finds in time that his efforts have been in a great measure in vain. His talents have not been appreciated; his friends have not supported him as they ought to

have done; he has, in short, failed to advance, while many whom he believed to be inferior to himself have been greatly encouraged, and are now in high, but, as he thinks, ill-deserved places. Now, what is the misanthropy of such a man but wounded self-esteem! The modest man who fails, sits down quietly with his disappointment, and is ready to believe that his fellow-creatures have encouraged the right men. He is in no danger of becoming a misanthrope. Or we shall suppose another very common case. A man long prosperous, and surrounded, as the prosperous usually are, with friends, experiences a sudden reverse, which makes him a poor man. He has been remarkable, in the day of his good fortune, for an uncalculating liberality, and his house has for years been the scene of social enjoyment. But now he no more finds himself in the situation of a hospitable and admired landlord. The visits which he receives are chiefly of a melancholy and admonitory kind. He is not asked so much into company as he was. He finds, indeed, that he is now in a totally different sphere from what he lately occupied. Instead of exerting himself in his own behalf, he waits in some vague expectation that his friends are to behave the same to him as ever; and when he at length finds that this hope is fallacious, he begins to speak of the perfidy of mankind, their selfishness, and how little old friendship is regarded. Now, the misanthropy into which this man ultimately falls, is a pure emanation of self-esteem. Without this sentiment very active in his nature, he could never have supposed himself a person of such consequence, or his late entertainments a matter of so much obligation, that his fellow-creatures were to be expected to do so much in his behalf. Literature is ridiculously full of allusions to summer friends, and in "Timon of Athens" we have an absolute fool and prodigal becoming a misanthrope, because the parasites on whom he had spent his substance refuse to succour him in the time of his distress. The real truth is, that, wherever intimacy has been attended with mutual esteem, and the unfortunate party makes the vigorous efforts which he ought to do to retrieve his circumstances, it rarely happens that sympathy and aid are withheld. The point on which the whole matter turns is self-esteem. The modest man submits to his fate, and chiefly looks to himself for the means of improving it. The proud man thinks that the world ought to come to his feet, and, when it does not come, as it never does to any, he becomes a misanthrope.

Turn misanthropy, indeed, as we will, we shall find self-esteem at the bottom of it. Take any man who is possessed by this dismal sentiment, and you must find, that either there is a difference between the real appearance of his person and what he wishes his person to be, or that his endowments of mind are not such as to command all the homage which he wishes, or that he has not got what he thinks his deserts in the distribution of the gifts of fortune, or that mankind have in some way failed to do for him all which he thinks he deserves at their hands. Taking the feeling quite abstractedly, it implies in its very nature an overweening self-esteem. By the misanthrope, mankind are described as knaves and fools—a set of beings deserving nothing but hatred and contempt. *He always excepts himself.* All but *I* are wretches—this is the formula of his belief. Now, what is there in any man to entitle him to think that he alone, of all who live, is honest, or worthy, or enlightened, or of correct judgment! He is born a member of the race; he has all their lineaments in body and mind, all their wants, and he goes on towards the same inevitable fate. Truly it would be a strange chance which should have made all bad but *HE*!

We present these views in an emphatic manner, because misanthropy is a vice of by no means unfrequent occurrence, and one which it is desirable to keep down by all right means. Wherever it takes root, it brings with it a blight, both to the character of the individual himself and to all around him. If we shall have succeeded in warning any one against it by an exposition of the sordid basis on which it always rests, our object will have been accomplished.

## CHANGES OF LEVEL IN THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

WITHIN the last few years, a number of observations have been made respecting changes of level in the earth's surface, with which it seems to us possible that we may interest in some degree the imaginations, at the same time that we are instructing the minds, of our readers.

The attention of scientific men was first drawn in a decided manner to this subject, by a remarkable occurrence which took place in Chili, on the west coast of South America, in 1822. On the morning of the 20th of November of that year—a widely felt and destructive earthquake having taken place the day before—it was discovered that a broad line of sea-beach, for more than a hundred miles along the coast, had been deserted by the sea and left dry. Much of this tract was covered by shell-fish, which, being unrefreshed by the sea, and therefore soon dying, exhaled the most offensive effluvia. Between the old low-water mark and the new one, the fishermen found burrowing shells, which they had formerly had to search for amidst the surf. Rocks a little way out to sea, and formerly covered, were now laid dry at half ebb tide. In short, it was evident from many circumstances that a large addition had been made to the dry land.

The country people imagined that the sea had retired from the land and sunk below its former level—a notion of the same kind with that which a child has respecting the hedges which he sees flying past him when he first travels in the inside of a coach. The real state of the case was a *rise of the land*. It had risen at Valparaiso three, and at Quintero four feet. It was also observed that the water-course of a mill, about a mile inland from the sea, had gained a fall of fourteen inches in little more than a hundred yards, and it was hence inferred that the rise was greater in some parts of the inland country than on the coast. Chili is a long narrow country sloping from the Andes to the sea: over a great part of it, from the foot of the mountains to some distance under the sea, a rise is supposed to have taken place, and the average of that rise is believed to have been about five feet. That the rise was of the nature of a *swell* from a centre below, and not a general and equal elevation, seemed to be proved by the numerous cracks which had taken place in the granitic rock forming the basis of a large part of the country. The cause of the rise is generally surmised to have been connected with the volcanic matter which is supposed to be constantly working at no great distance beneath the surface of the South American continent, and for a considerable way under the sea to the westward. Calculations have been formed as to the quantity of solid matter which was on this occasion elevated above the former level: it has been estimated as equal to a mass of fifty-seven cubic miles, or about the size of Mount Etna; and it is supposed that the Ganges, which annually carries down mud into the sea to an amount equal to the bulk of sixty times the great Pyramid, would require seventeen centuries and a half to deposit a mass equal to

what was now, in a single night, raised above the Pacific.\*

Soon after this event, an intelligent British traveller who visited the place,† observed that, inland, till a height of about fifty feet above the level of the sea, there was a succession of terraces, composed of mingled shingle and sea-shells, and in all respects resembling the beach which had lately been left dry. No doubt was entertained that these had each in succession been the sea-coast, and that the land had undergone as many elevations as there were terraces.

We must now take our readers from the west coast of South America, and request them to accompany us to the shores of the Baltic. Sweden, and the other countries bordering on this inland sea, are well known to be little subject to earthquakes or any of the other demonstrations of volcanic violence; yet there can be no doubt that, for centuries past, some parts of the coasts of the Baltic have been slowly rising above the level of the sea. This fact has been the subject of philosophical observation since the early part of the last century. It has been found that, in many places, the land has been left uncovered by the sea; sea-ports have become inland towns; and the sea near the land has been much shallowed. Upwards of a hundred years ago, lines marking the then surface of the sea were made, under the direction of scientific men, upon cliffs rising above the waters; and it has consequently been ascertained that the land in those places is rising at the rate of about forty-five English inches in a century, or a foot every twenty-five years. Here, also, the popular opinion is, that the sea is retiring; but the real state of the case is strikingly proved in this instance by the fact, that, in some places, the ground is at the same level as it was several centuries ago, and in others is sinking.‡ If the sea were from any cause retreating, it would sink every where to the same extent. Other proofs of the rising of the land are to be found in the great quantities of sea-shells which are imbedded in the soil on the considerably elevated grounds. At Uddevalla, in Gotheburg, a port at the entrance of the Baltic, there is a raised beach of the general character of those on the coast of Chili, full of shells, many of them entire and some broken, as is usual on beaches, and of the same species as those existing on the neighbouring coasts. This beach is two hundred feet above the present level of the Baltic. It rests on a great platform of gneiss rock, which rises in a cliff above it, and on that cliff the shells of barnacles are still found attached, the animals having taken up their residence there many ages ago, when the sea daily rose and fell in tides against the face of the rock.§

The publication of the above facts has caused attention to be directed to similar wonders in our own country, and it is now ascertained that raised beaches exist in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland, not only near the present coasts, but in many inland situations. In the vale of the Ribble in Lancashire, Mr Murchison found terraces at various elevations under three hundred feet, composed of loose sands, gravels, and marls, such as are deposited by the sea upon beaches. Along both sides of the Firth of Forth, there runs a terrace about twenty feet above the present level of the sea, and which may be traced at generally a short distance from the shore, with a bank rising above it, and a narrow level space between it and the present line of coast: this terrace, which, on being dug, is found full of marine shells, is nothing but a beach which has been raised to a higher level by a general elevation of the land.|| A similar terrace is a striking feature in the coast scenery of the Firth of Clyde. It is between thirty and forty feet above the present high-water mark, and is conspicuous wherever the violence of the Atlantic has not made inroads upon it. The grand cliffs which rise on the northern coast of Ayrshire, at a little distance inland, are conceived to have been formed by the beating of the sea at their base in old times.¶ The Firth of Cromarty also presents indubitable remains of raised beaches, the present town of Cromarty being seated on one of them. They are best defined on what are or have been the coasts of inland seas, for there the water is comparatively quiet, so as to allow of a bank of soft or loose matter being formed on the brink of the sea. The shells of at least the Forth and Clyde terraces are

identical or nearly so with those of the present seas, thus showing that the same general circumstances existed at the time when the old beaches were formed, as at present; but we are not for that reason to suppose that the rise which they argue in the land is of modern date. There is good reason to conclude that the British island is not higher at present than in the days of the Romans. The rise, whenever it took place, was probably abrupt and effected at once, like the rises which take place in Chili, for if it had been slow and gradual, the old beach would not have been left entire.

But raised beaches not only encircle the present coasts of our inland seas: they are found marked on the sides of mountains now far from the sea, and at a great height above its level. Most of our readers probably are acquainted more or less with what are usually called the parallel roads of Glenroy, in Inverness-shire, namely, a range of terraces which mark, at different heights, the sides of that vale, as well as the sides of some glens adjacent to it. The traveller who enters those lonely vales unprepared, is surprised to observe three level lines proceeding along the mountain sides, exactly parallel to each other, and each at one side exactly corresponding in level with one at the other. It has lately been nearly made out to the satisfaction of the scientific world, that these terraces were once the borders of inland seas, like those which still penetrate the West Highlands, and that they were raised into their present situation by a succession of general elevations of the land.\* Similar terraces are found in the vale of the Spey, in Glen Tilt, and in the vale of the Tay between Perth and Dunkeld.

We are, then, to understand that great islands and even continents have risen, either slowly or by quick and abrupt movements, out of the sea. But land also occasionally sinks. Some parts of the shores of the Baltic are stationary, or have fallen to a lower level than formerly. The existence of submarine forests on some parts of the British coast shows that, at a comparatively recent period, portions of our soil have sunk. A curious proof of the sinking of great chains of mountains has recently been detected by the eminent Agassiz, on the fronts of some of the Alps, near his residence at Neuchâtel in Switzerland. The eaked snow (glaciers) of those mountains is known to be constantly though imperceptibly moving downwards along the slopes, new snow being constantly added above. As the mass descends, it wears and polishes the rock below. Masses of stone are also sometimes detached from projecting cliffs, and carried down fixed in the under surface of the glacier, so as to cut deeply into the smoothed surface. The Alps, therefore, in the parts covered by snow, present a smoothed and scratched exterior. It is also to be remarked, that, at the place where congelation ceases, and the glacier melts, the detached stones, left disengaged, are accumulated in a kind of mound, or what is locally called a *moraine*, around the side of the mountain. Now, it is a very striking fact, that moraines exist much below the present point of congelation, and that when the soil is taken off the lower flanks of the mountains, even in places where the vine grows, the surface of the rock is smoothed and scratched exactly as it is in the parts now covered by snow. To us these facts argue that the hills were once higher than at present, and enveloped in the region of perpetual ice, and that they have since sunk many hundred feet.

Another most remarkable circumstance, proving both great depression and great elevation as having taken place at a particular part of the earth's surface, was observed by Mr Darwin in South America. In a dangerous excursion which he made across the Andes, observing that the lower chain of hills parallel to the great Cordillera was composed of submarine lavas and sedimentary deposits, he made search for silicified or petrified wood, which is often found connected with those rocks, and soon was gratified in an extraordinary manner. He saw on a bare slope, at an elevation of probably 7000 feet, some snow-white projecting columns, which on examination proved to be petrified trees, of a kind allied to the *araucaria*. "It required," he says in his journal,† "little geological practice to interpret the marvellous story which this scene at once unfolded; though I confess I was at first so much astonished, that I could scarcely believe the plainest evidence of it. I saw the spot where a cluster of fine trees had once waved their branches on the shores of the Atlantic, when that ocean (now driven back 700 miles) approached the base of the Andes. I saw that they had sprung from a volcanic soil, which had been raised above the level of the sea, and that this dry land, with its upright trees, had been subsequently let down to the depths of the ocean. There it was covered by sedimentary matter, and this again by enormous streams of submarine lava—one such mass alone attaining the thickness of a thousand feet; and these deluges of melted stone and aqueous deposits had been five times spread out alternately. The ocean which received such a mass must have been deep; but again the subterranean forces had exerted their power, and I now beheld the bed of that sea forming a chain of mountains more than 7000 feet in altitude. Nor had those antagonist forces been dormant, which are always at work to wear down the surface of the land

to one level; the great piles of strata had been intersected by many wide valleys; and the trees, now changed into silex, were exposed projecting from the volcanic soil, now changed into rock, whence formerly, in a green and budding state, they had raised their lofty heads. Now, all is utterly irreclaimable and desert; even the lichen cannot adhere to the stony coats of former trees. Vast, and scarcely comprehensible as such changes must ever appear, yet they have all occurred within a period recent, when compared with the history of the Cordillera; and that Cordillera itself is modern as compared with some other of the fossiliferous strata of South America."

The time here spoken of as recent is probably very remote; but both elevations and depressions of the surface are clearly ascertained to have taken place to a considerable extent within times which even civil history does not call distant. From remains of articles of human workmanship found imbedded in the alluvium or clayey and gravelly deposit where the sea formerly stood, it is certain that Sweden has risen 60 and Chili 85 feet above the present level of the sea, since the countries were first inhabited by man. When we turn to that part of the coast of Italy which is specially under volcanic influence, we find a lively and most interesting proof of still more modern elevation and depression. On that coast, near Puzzuoli, on a platform nearly on a level with the sea, and occasionally soaked by it, there are the remains of a fine building, which apparently had been constructed in ancient times as a public bath, although usually called the Temple of Serapis. From the pavement, which is still entire, spring three or four tall columns, which for twelve feet from the base are clean and unwork. Above that point, however, for nine or ten feet, the stone has been pierced by great numbers of a marine shell-fish, called the *lithodonus*, the prominent instinct of which leads it to take that means of forming for itself a quiet residence. As these animals could have had no access to the pillars elsewhere than in the sea, it is evident that the temple, and the ground upon which it stands, must have been at one time let down into the waters of the bay, and, after an interval, once more raised to their present situation. To account for the stone being uninjured for the first twelve feet, we must suppose it to have been protected for that space by an accumulation of mud or rubbish. The top of the part perforated by the *lithodonus*, and which we consequently suppose to have been exposed to the sea, is twenty-three feet above the existing level of the bay. Consequently, the subsidence and subsequent elevation must have been to that extent at least. Both events have probably taken place since the Christian era.\* It is at the same time worthy of remark, that the Mediterranean is found, in many old ports along its shores, to maintain exactly the same level as in the days of the Romans.

If we were to go back to the early geological epochs when the coal strata were formed, we might show more wonderful examples of changes of level in the earth's surface, for it is held by many geologists that each bed must have at one time been a forest exposed to the open air; that it must in time have gone down into the sea, and been covered over by mud or sand forming a new soil; that, the ground being once more raised, a new forest grew on the place, afterwards to be submerged and covered over as before, and this for twenty or thirty times, or as often as there may be strata of coal at the spot. But we are disposed to limit our views for the present to the comparatively recent epochs, namely, those immediately before and since man's appearance on the earth. The great question remains, By what agency are those risings and fallings occasioned? Can it be from the working of molten matter beneath the crust of the globe, or from inflammations brought about by great chemical unions taking place in the same quarter, or has electric agency any thing to do with it? Science is yet unable to answer these questions, but we may in the mean time look on and admire the great ends which appear to be in view. The dry land is known to have once been very limited, only a few islands being scattered, for instance, over the space now composing Europe. South America was once but a long range of islands, which have since become the tops of the Cordillera of the Andes. But a constant progress has been made by the subterranean agency in causing the land to appear. Little islands must have risen till they became large; then they must have become connected with each other, and finally they would be aggregated into continents. Vast tracts must occasionally have been laid bare by a comparatively slight elevation, for it is stated that the sinking of the South American continent for less than a thousand feet would submerge the whole of the vast tract between the Andes and the Atlantic. Thus there has gradually been rescued from the enveloping sea the firm platform which was necessary as a theatre in which mankind were to live and move, and work out all those great moral problems which make them so much a wonder even to themselves. It is probable that the chief part of the business has long been over; but still it may be necessary that both the gradual and the abrupt elevations should not altogether cease, for the air and the water and the wind are so many agents constantly at work to wear down elevated land and carry it back into the sea, so that it could not fail in time to be entirely submerged, unless there were some counter-

\* Lyell's Geology, ii. 176, &c.

† Mrs Maria Graham.

‡ Geological Instructions, prepared by M. Elie de Beaumont for the French Scientific Expedition to the North of Europe.

§ M. Brougnier's Tableau des Terrains.

|| Maclean's Geology of Fife and the Lothians, 238.

¶ Smith on the Changes of the Level of the Sea, Edin. Philosophical Journal, Oct. 1838.

\* Darwin's Memoir on the Parallel Roads of Glenroy, 1832.

† Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H. M. S. Adventure and Beagle, between the years 1826 and 1830. London, 1830.

\* Lyell's Principles of Geology, ii. 264.



vailing forces. In all of these operations we discover a new and surely most sublime cause for admiring that great Providential agency to which nothing seems too vast or too minute, if only it can serve the end of furnishing living creatures with the means of enjoyment.

### THE CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.\*

THE Confessions of Harry Lorrequer, to which we have previously referred, originally appeared in the pages of the Dublin University Magazine, where they excited much attention from their vivid and accurate delineations of Irish and of military life. They delineated a state of manners fast fading away. The condition of Ireland within the last twenty years has been more changed than that of any other country in Europe; the aspect of society has undergone a still greater alteration; and those who have visited it at long intervals, feel as if they met a different country and a different people. It is much easier to perceive such a change than to describe its nature. It will perhaps be sufficient to notice the most marked difference: business is more a pleasure, and pleasure is less a business. However advantageous such a change may be, it is fatal to the originality of character, the development of whim, the pranks of humour, and the ebullitions of wit, which were common in earlier days.

A change in the habits of military men is scarcely less perceptible. At the close of the war there was an abundant supply of old campaigners, full of the reckless jollity, the keen sense of present enjoyment, and the disregard of consequences, naturally produced by the hardships and vicissitudes of such a war as that of the Peninsula. To such men, Ireland, with its excitable population, ever ready for frolic or for mischief, and always preferring the practical jokes which unite both, was far more agreeable than the solemn steadiness of England and the acute caution of Scotland. From 1815 to 1830, Ireland seemed made for the army, and the army for Ireland; both have since changed, but the recollection of former days of merriment is not yet effaced, and a more worthy chronicler than Harry Lorrequer could not be found to give them a permanent record.

Lord Bacon once said of a story that was told him, "I believe it, not because it is like the truth, but because it is so unlike the truth that I would not give any human being the credit of the invention." The remark is applicable not only to Harry Lorrequer's anecdotes, but to most Irish stories. All the circumstances noted by the Edinburgh reviewers as improbable in Miss Edgeworth's Patronage, were proved to have occurred in the history of her own family; and the principal incident in Rory O'More, the conviction of a man for murder after his supposed victim had been produced in court, which some critics denounced as the most improbable of inventions, was unexpectedly confirmed by Chief-Justice Bushe, who, we believe, acted as counsel for the prisoner on that memorable occasion.

At a future opportunity, we will take the liberty of culling a few of the more striking drolleries with which the volume abounds, in the meanwhile contenting ourselves with an abridgement of an off-hand sketch respecting one of Lorrequer's continental adventures, called

#### JACK WALLER'S STORY.

"And now, Jack, tell me something of your own fortunes since the day you passed me in the post-chaise and four."

"The story is soon told. You remember that when I carried off Mary, I had no intention of leaving England whatever: my object was, after making her my wife, to open negotiations with the old colonel, and after the approved routine of penitential letters, imploring forgiveness, and setting forth happiness only wanting his sanction to make it heaven itself, to have thrown ourselves at his feet, sobbed, blubbered, blown our noses, and dressed for dinner, very comfortable inmates of that particularly snug residence, 'Hydrabad Cottage.' Now, Mary, who behaved with great courage for a couple of days, after that got low-spirited and depressed; the desertion of her father, as she called it, weighed upon her mind, and all my endeavours to rally and comfort her were fruitless and unavailing. Each day, however, I expected to hear something of or from the colonel that would put an end to this feeling of suspense; but no—three weeks rolled on, and although I took care that he knew of our address, we never received any communication. You are aware that when I married, I knew Mary had, or was to have, a large fortune; and that I myself had not more than enough in the world to pay the com-

mon expenses of our wedding tour. My calculation was this—the reconciliation will possibly, what with delays of post, distance, and deliberation, take a month—say five weeks; now, at forty pounds per week, that makes exactly two hundred pounds, such being the precise limit of my exchequer, when, blessed with a wife, a man, and a maid, three imperials, a cap-case, and a poodle, I arrived at 'the Royal Hotel' in Edinburgh. Had I been Lord Francis Egerton, with his hundred thousand a-year, looking for a new 'distraction' at any price; or, still more, were I a London shopkeeper, spending a Sunday in Boulogne-sur-Mer, and trying to find out something expensive, as he had only one day to stay, I could not have more industriously sought out opportunities for extravagance, and each day contrived to find out some two or three acquaintances to bring home to dinner. And as I affected to have been married for a long time, Mary felt less *genée* among strangers, and we got on famously. Still the silence of the colonel weighed upon her mind, and although she partook of none of my anxieties from that source, being perfectly ignorant of the state of my finances, she dwelt so constantly upon this subject, that I at length yielded to her repeated solicitations, and permitted her to write to her father. Her letter was a most proper one; combining a dutiful regret for leaving her home, with the hope that her choice had been such as to excuse her rashness, or, at least, palliate her fault. It went to say, that her father's acknowledgment of her was all she needed or cared for, to complete her happiness, and asking for his permission to seek it in person. This was the substance of the letter, which, upon the whole, satisfied me, and I waited anxiously for the reply. At the end of five days the answer arrived. It was thus:—

"DEAR MARY—You have chosen your own path in life, and having done so, I have neither the right nor inclination to interfere with your decision; I shall neither receive you nor the person you have made your husband; and, to prevent any further disappointment, inform you, that as I leave this to-morrow, any future letters you might think proper to address will not reach me.—Your's very faithful,  
C. KAMWORTH.

Hydrabad Cottage."

This was a tremendous coup, and not in the least anticipated by either of us; upon me the effect was stunning, knowing as I did that our fast diminishing finances were nearly expended. Mary, on the other hand, who neither knew nor thought of the exchequer, rallied at once from her depression, and after a hearty fit of crying, dried her eyes, and putting her arm round my neck, said, "Well, Jack, I must only love you the more, since papa will not share any of my affection."

"I wish he would his purse though," muttered I, as I pressed her in my arms, and strove to seem perfectly happy.

I shall not prolong my story by dwelling upon the agitation this letter cost me; however, I had yet a hundred pounds left, and an aunt in Harley Street, with whom I had always been a favourite. This thought, the only rallying one I possessed, saved me for the time; and as fretting was never my forte, I never let Mary perceive that any thing had gone wrong, and managed so well in this respect, that my good spirits raised hers, and we set out for London one fine sunshiny morning, as happy a looking couple as ever travelled the north road.

When we arrived at the 'Clarendon,' my first care was to get into a cab and drive to Harley Street. [Here Jack found that his aunt had gone to Paris, and next morning, he continues.]—I called upon her lawyer, and having obtained her address, sauntered to the 'Junior Club,' to write her a letter before post hour. As I scanned over the morning papers, I could not help smiling at the flaming paragraph which announced my marriage to the only daughter and heiress of the millionaire, Colonel Kamworth. Not well knowing how to open the correspondence with my worthy relative, I folded the paper containing the news, and addressed it to 'Lady Lilford, Hotel de Bristol, Paris.'

When I arrived at the 'Clarendon,' I found my wife and her maid surrounded by cases and hand-boxes; laces, satins, and velvets, were displayed on all sides, while an emissary from 'Storr and Mortimer' was arranging a grand review of jewellery on a side table, one half of which would have ruined the Rajah of Mysore to purchase. My advice was immediately called into requisition; and pressed into service, I had nothing left for it but to canvass, criticise, and praise, between times, which I did with a good grace, considering that I anticipated the 'Fleet' for every frounce of Valenciennes lace.

As at length one-half of the room became filled with millinery, and the other glittered with jewels and bijouterie, my wife grew weary with her exertions, and we found ourselves alone.

When I told her that my aunt had taken up her residence in Paris, it immediately occurred to her, how pleasant it would be to go there too; and although I concurred in the opinion for very different reasons, it was at length decided we should do so; and the only difficulty now existed as to the means—for though the daily papers teem with 'four ways to go from London to Paris,' they all resolved themselves into one, and that one, unfortunately to me, the most difficult and impracticable—by money.

There was, however, one last resource open—the sale of my commission. I will not dwell upon what it cost me to resolve upon this; the determination was a painful one, but it was soon come to; and before five o'clock that day, Cox and Greenwood had got their instructions to sell out for me, and had advanced a thousand pounds of the purchase. Our bill settled—the waiters bowing to the ground—it is your ruined man that is always most liberal!—the post-horses harnessed, and impatient for the road, I took my place beside my wife, while my valet held a parasol over the soubrette in the rumble, all in the approved fashion of those who have an unlimited credit with Coutts and Drummond; the whips cracked, the leaders capered, and with a patronising bow to the proprietor of the 'Clarendon,' away we rattled to Dover.

After the usual routine of sea-sickness, fatigue, and poisonous cookery, we reached Paris on the fifth day, and put up at the 'Hotel de Londres,' Place Vendôme.

To have an adequate idea of the state of my feelings as I trod the splendid apartments of this princely hotel, surrounded by every luxury that wealth can procure, or taste suggest, you must imagine the condition of a man who is regaled with a sumptuous banquet on the eve of his execution. The inevitable termination to all my present splendour was never for a moment absent from my thoughts, and the secrecy with which I was obliged to conceal my feelings, formed one of the greatest sources of my misery. The coup, when it does come, will be sad enough, and poor Mary may as well have the comfort of the deception as long as it lasts, without suffering as I do. Such was the reasoning by which I met every resolve to break to her the real state of our finances, and such the frame of mind in which I spent my days at Paris—the only really unhappy ones I can ever charge my memory with.

We had scarcely got settled in the hotel, when my aunt, who inhabited the opposite side of the 'Place,' came over to see us, and wish us joy. She had seen the paragraph in the Post, and like all other people, with plenty of money, fully approved a match like mine.

She was delighted with Mary, and despite the natural reserve of the old maiden lady, became actually cordial, and invited us to dine with her that day, and every succeeding one we might feel disposed to do so. So far so well, thought I, as I offered her my arm to see her home; but if she knew of what value even this small attention is to us, am I quite so sure she would offer it? However, no time is to be lost; I cannot live in this state of hourly agitation; I must make some one the confidant of my sorrows, and none so fit as she who can relieve as well as advise upon them. Although such was my determination, yet somehow I could not pluck up courage for the effort. My aunt's congratulations upon my good luck made me shrink from the avowal; and while she ran on upon the beauty and grace of my wife, topics I fully concurred in, I also chimed in with her satisfaction at the prudential and proper motives which led to the match. Twenty times I was on the eve of interrupting her, and saying, 'But, madam, I am a beggar—my wife has not a shilling—I have absolutely nothing.'

Such were my thoughts, but whenever I endeavoured to speak them, some confounded fulness in my throat nearly choked me; my temples throbbed, my hands trembled; and whether it was shame, or the sickness of despair, I cannot say, but the words would not come, and all that I could get out was some flattery of my wife's beauty, or some rapid eulogy upon my own cleverness in securing such a prize.

But this is growing tedious, Harry; I must get over the ground faster. Two months passed over at Paris, during which we continued to live at the 'Londres,' giving dinners, soirées, dejeuners, with the prettiest equipage in the 'Champs Elysées.' We were quite the mode. My wife, which is rare enough for an Englishwoman, knew how to dress herself. Our evening parties were the most recherché things going; and if I were capable of partaking of any pleasure in the eclat, I had my share, having won all the pigeon-matches in the Bois de Boulogne, and beat Lord Henry Seymour himself in a steeple-chase. The continual round of occupation in which pleasure involves a man, is certainly its greatest attraction—reflection is impossible—the present is too full to admit any of the past, and very little of the future; and even I, with all my terrors awaiting me, began to feel a half indifference to the result in the manifold cares of my then existence. To this state of fatalism, for such it was becoming, had I arrived, when the vision was dispelled in a moment by a visit from my aunt, who came to say, that some business requiring her immediate presence in London, she was to set out that evening, but hoped to find us in Paris on her return.

[Jack now summons up sufficient courage to hint, in the course of a conversation with his aunt, the nature of his situation and wishes, which she appeared so readily to comprehend as to spare particular explanation.]

"Indeed," she replied, "I think I have anticipated your wish in the matter; but as time presses, and I must look after all my packing, I shall say good bye for a few weeks, and in the evening Jepson, who stays here, will bring you 'what I mean,' over to your hotel; once more, then, good bye."

"Good bye, my dearest, kindest friend," said I, taking a most tender adieu of the old lady. "What an excellent creature she is!" said I, half aloud, as I turned towards home; "how considerate, how truly kind!—to spare me too all the pain of explanation! Now I begin to breathe once more. If there be a flask of Johannisberg in the 'Londres,' I'll drink your health this day, and so shall Mary." So saying, I entered the hotel with a lighter heart and a firmer step than ever it had been my fortune to do hitherto.

[During the evening, a packet arrives from her ladyship; and the servants having left the room, Jack hastened to open it.]

I read, with what feelings I leave you to guess, the following:—DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE, the enclosed will convey to you, with my warmest wishes for your happiness, a ticket on the Frankfurt Lottery, of which I enclose the scheme. I also take the opportunity of saying that I have purchased the Hungarian pony for Mary—which we spoke of this morning. It is at Johnston's stable, and will be delivered on sending for it."

"Think of that, Jack—the Borgheze pony, with the silky tail; mine—oh! what a dear good old soul; it was the very thing of all others I longed for, for they told me the princess had refused every offer for it."

While Mary ran on in this strain, I sat mute and stupefied; the sudden reverse my hopes had sustained deprived me for a moment of all thought, and it was several minutes before I could rightly take in the full extent of my misfortunes.

How that crazy old maid, for such, alas, I called her to myself now, could have so blundered all my meaning

\* Dublin, Curry; London, Orr.



—how she could so palpably have mistaken, I could not conceive. What a remedy for a man overwhelmed with debt!—a ticket in a German lottery, and a cream-coloured pony, as if my whole life had not been one continued lottery, with every day a blank; and as to horses, I had eleven in my stables already. Perhaps she thought twelve would read better in my schedule, when I, next week, surrendered as insolvent.

Unable to bear the delight, the childish delight, of Mary, on her new acquisition, I rushed out of the house, and wandered for several hours in the Boulevards. At last I summoned up courage to tell my wife. I once more turned towards home, and entered her dressing-room, where she was having her hair dressed for a ball at the embassy. My resolution failed me—not now, thought I—to-morrow will do as well—one night more of happiness for her, and then— I looked on with pleasure and pride, as ornament after ornament, brilliant with diamonds and emeralds, shone in her hair and upon her arms, heightening her beauty, and lighting up with a dazzling brilliancy her lovely figure. But it must come—and whenever the hour arrives, the reverse will be fully as bitter. Besides, I am able now; and when I may again be so, who can tell? Now then be it, said I, as I told the waiting-maid to retire; and taking a chair beside my wife, put my arm round her.

‘There, John, dearest, take care; don’t you see you’ll crush all that great affair of Malines lace that Rosetta has been breaking her heart to manage this half hour?’

‘And then,’ said I.

‘And then? I could not go to the ball, naughty boy. I am bent on a great conquest to-night; so pray don’t mar such good intentions.’

‘And you should be greatly disappointed were you not to go?’

‘Of course I should. But what do you mean?—is there any reason why I should not? You are silent, John; speak—oh, speak—has any thing occurred to my—’

‘No, no, dearest; nothing that I know has occurred to the colonel.’

‘Well, then, who is it? Oh, tell me at once.’

‘Oh, my dear, there is no one in the case but ourselves; so saying, despite the injunction about the lace, I drew her towards me, and in a few words, but as clearly as I was able, explained all our circumstances—my endeavour to better them—my hopes—my fears—and now my bitter disappointment, if not despair.’

The first shock over, Mary showed not only more courage but more sound sense than I could have believed. All the frivolity of her former character vanished at the first touch of adversity, just, as of old, Harry, we left the tinsel of our gay jackets behind, when active service called upon us for something more sterling. She advised, counselled, and encouraged me by turns; and in half an hour the most poignant regret I had was, in not having sooner made her my confidante, and checked the progress of our enormous expenditure somewhat earlier.

I shall not now detain you much longer. In three weeks we sold our carriages and horses; our pictures (we had begun this among our other extravagances) and our china followed; and under the plea of health set out for Baden; not one among our Paris acquaintances ever suspecting the real reason of our departure, and never attributing any monied difficulties to us, for we paid our debts.

The same day we left Paris, I dispatched a letter to my aunt, explaining fully all about us, and suggesting that as I had now left the army for ever, perhaps she would interest some of her friends—and she has powerful ones—to do something for me.

After some little loitering on the Rhine, we fixed upon Hesse Cassel for our residence. It was very quiet—very cheap—the country around picturesque—and last, but not least, there was not an Englishman in the neighbourhood. The second week after our arrival brought us letters from my aunt. She had settled four hundred a-year upon us for the present, and sent the first year in advance; promised us a visit as soon as we were ready to receive her; and pledged herself not to forget when an opportunity of serving me should offer.

From that moment to this,” said Jack, “all has gone well with us. We have, it is true, not many luxuries, but we have no wants, and, better still, no debts. The dear old aunt is always making us some little present or other; and somehow I have a kind of feeling that better luck is still in store; but faith, Harry, as long as I have a happy home, and a warm fireside, for a friend when he drops in upon me, I scarcely can say that better luck need be wished for.”

“There is only one point, Jack, you have not enlightened me upon; how came you here?”

“Oh! that was a great omission in my narrative; but come, this will explain it; see here.” So saying, he drew from a little drawer a large lithographic print of a magnificent castellated building, with towers and bastions, keep, moat, and even drawbridge, and the walls bristling with cannon, and an eagled banner floating proudly above them.

“What in the name of the Sphinxes is this?”

“There,” said Jack, “is the Schloss von Eberhausen; or, if you like it in English, Eberhausen Castle, as it was the year of the deluge; for the present mansion that we are now sipping our wine in bears no very close resemblance to it. But to make the mystery clear, this was the great prize in the Frankfurt lottery, the ticket of which my aunt’s first note contained, and which we were fortunate enough to win. We have been here only a few weeks, and though the affair looks somewhat meagre, we have hopes that in a little time, and with some pains, much may be done to make it habitable. There is a capital chateau of some hundred acres; plenty of wood and innumerable rights, seigniorial, manorial, &c., which, fortunately for my neighbours, I neither understand nor care for; and we are therefore the best friends in the world. Among others I am styled the graf or count.”

“Well, then, Monsieur le Comte,” said Mary, “do you intend favouring me with your company at coffee this evening, for already it is ten o’clock; and considering

my former claim upon Mr Lorrequer, you have let me enjoy very little of his society.”

We now adjourned to the drawing-room, where we gossipied away till past midnight; and I retired to my room, meditating over Jack’s adventures, and praying in my heart, that despite all his mischances, my own might end as happily.

### DEMORALISING AND IMPOVERISHING EFFECTS OF PARTY SPIRIT.

[Abridged from Dr Mitchell’s Report to Parliament on the Condition of Hand-Loom Weavers.]

THERE is no cause which has had so direful an effect on the prosperity of the trade in Norwich, as party spirit. In almost every town possessing parliamentary representation, there is a complaint of party spirit; but in Norwich it far exceeds that of any other place, and is carried to an extent which is utterly amazing. The people are distinguished by colours; “purple and orange” denote the Tories, and “blue and white” the Whigs or Radicals. The party to which every man in Norwich belongs, from the highest to the lowest, is as well known as if he daily wore clothes of the colours by which it is designated. The exasperation of the one party against the other is such as to make every man lament that human nature should be capable of such feelings.

The spirit of party enters into every thing; every institution of the town is a subject of party spirit; it is like two towns in one, and acting in hostility against each other. It may be asked, why machinery and other improvements in trade have not been introduced into the town, so that it may keep pace with other places. The cause is the violent and odiously virulent party spirit. This feeling continues to operate, as it has always done, to defeat all attempts to improve the state of the city, pecuniarily, morally, or mentally. No man of either political party, be it which it may, could introduce machinery into this city, though it were as evident as the sun at noonday that it must necessarily be for the general good, but he would in all probability, at some paltry election contest (particularly if he took an active part in it), be held up as an obnoxious individual, perhaps as one who had been the cause of the lowering of wages, or some such absurdity, and his property, and perhaps his life, would be endangered; and whilst the present detestable party animosity exists, no one will attempt to keep pace with any other manufacturing communities.

Besides impoverishing, politics greatly demoralise the place; they hold out the temptation of drinking, and the temptation of money to induce men to violate their consciences; “it is not only in the election of members of Parliament, but in the municipal elections also. Ten pounds are given commonly enough in a municipal election; I have known L.100 to be given when the contest was likely to run very close. We have eight wards in this city; two of them are so decidedly Whig, that there is little contest there. Another ward, inhabited by the aristocracy, is Tory, and there is no contest there. But the other five wards must be regularly bought, and the real contest is merely which party has got the best purse. The Whigs are as bad as the Tories, and the Tories are as bad as the Whigs, and there is not a pin to choose between them.

There is not an election of any sort into which politics do not enter, from the election of the sexton of the poorest parish in Norwich to the election of the mayor of the city. In our charities, and in our literary institutions, and in every thing, it is the same. In choosing the committee of the public library there is always a struggle between the Whigs and the Tories. The last general election at Norwich was followed by an election amongst the boys, which, although amusing, shows how fully, even from their earliest youth, the natives of Norwich are imbued with party spirit. When the parents thus train them in the way that they should go, we may feel but too sure that when they are old they will not depart from it. It was a real contest, carried on with great zeal, and every formality duly observed. At first all the voters were unpaid; but as the contest drew towards a close, every means fair and foul was adopted to get boys to the poll; some were seized by force, others were induced by hire. At first marbles were given for votes; by and bye the price rose to pence; and towards the very close, from 1s. to 1s. 6d. was the reward of the suffrage. The ‘blue and white’ had a majority. There was a chairing procession, and a grand dinner and ball to celebrate the event. That might pass for a comedy, but politics render every thing more of a tragedy in Norwich.

Their success in the boys’ election was not the only triumph of the ‘blue and white’ party; the lower orders had their triumph also. Two pugilistic heroes, the one a ‘blue and white,’ and the other a ‘purple and yellow,’ agreed to decide in their way the merits of their principles. The Whig hero was a weaver, in the employment of Mr Etheridge; that gentleman states, ‘The man was a month in training. About a fortnight before the battle he declined a piece of work because he could not be spared from preparatory

exercises. The man is in my employment now. Many of my weavers went to see the battle; there was a strong muster of the operative politicians on both sides of the question, and a grand dinner among the ‘blue and white’ men afterwards, to celebrate the triumph of their champion. You may see the parties when you come to my warehouse.’ Men present at the battle were afterwards seen, and the following further particulars were stated:—‘Mr Edward Painter, formerly a professional pugilist, supplied the ropes and stakes; the scene of action was about eight miles from Norwich; each party went out with cockades in their pockets, and when the ‘purple and yellow’ hero could not come to time, the ‘blue and white’ partisans mounted their cockades, and displayed their flag, and they returned with shouts of triumph to the city. The ‘purple and yellow’ weavers, however, console themselves with the fact that their hero, though unfortunate in his inferior science, displayed a valour and hardihood which, under better tuition, would have secured him the victory.’

The last general election at Norwich afforded a striking view of the party spirit of the city, and of the practices by which the leading men have acted on the poverty, the necessities, and the frailty and wickedness of the poorer citizens, many of whom are weavers, and whose interests have much suffered in consequence. The number of voters for the ‘purple and orange’ candidates was 1865 and 1863; and for the ‘blue and white’ candidates, 1843 and 1831; of whom 1400 voted under the influence of the most open application of pecuniary temptation.

The money spent, according to the information given to me by two gentlemen who could not but know, was about L.44,000. The ‘blue and white’ party spent more money than the ‘purple and orange’ party; and this is attributable to what many consider to have been a blunder in their tactics, and which is thus explained.

The ‘purple and orange’ party had felt secure that there would be no opposition; and if the ‘blue and white’ party had kept quiet until close on the day of election, which was on a Tuesday, it is supposed that they might have taken their opponents by surprise, and snatched a victory. But they commenced operations on the Wednesday, being six days before the election, and began actively to buy votes, and to carry off the voters’ ‘into coop.’ They had thus the expense of six days to defray. But as soon as the ‘purple and orange’ party saw what was doing, they sent off to London for money, which arrived on Saturday, and they had time to buy back their friends from the ‘blue and white’ party; and those whom they carried into coop, they had to keep only three days, which was much less expensive than keeping them six days. One of the chiefs of the ‘blue and white’ party admitted the impolicy of their early declaration of a contest, but said that his views had been overruled in the committee.

The contest was carried on very openly. There was no hypocrisy, no concealment, on either side. There were 1400 to be bought, and about these lay the struggle. One gentleman stated to me that he himself had the distribution of money to the voters on the day of election. He sat at a table in a large room, having before him parcels coiled up of bank-notes of L.10, of L.15, of L.20, of L.25, of L.30, of L.35, of L.40 value, all in readiness, that there might be no loss of time in counting. The voters, one at a time, entered at one door, passed through the room, and out at another door. Every man was asked what he had agreed for, and it was handed to him. One man would be so innocent as to ask for only L.10; the next man would ask for L.20; and both were paid with equal readiness. Then might come, perhaps, one who would ask for L.15, and it would be paid; but with a caution given to him not to spoil the market by letting any body know that he had got more than L.10. But the other sums were given. A grocer or other substantial tradesman looked for L.40, and there were the cases of two professional men who each had L.50.

The gentleman who paid the money gave this information with the most hearty frankness; and when told that the guilt of all these doings rested upon him, and on the other criminals who composed the committee, he laughed, consoling himself that he had many coadjutors with whom to support the burden. Towards the close of the poll, nobody could say on which side lay the victory; every vote therefore was sought out, and no money was thought too much. The case of one poor man deserves to be particularised. Some years ago, being then in great distress, a manufacturer took pity on him, and gave employment both to him and his wife. They proved steady people, and they were never allowed to be out of work. A general election came on, and the man was offered L.15, and he refused it, and voted on the same side with his employer. Another election came on, and he was again tempted, and again stood firm. He said that the manufacturer had now for many years employed him and his wife, and he had never been without work, and thereby had had a comfortable living, and he should consider himself the most ungrateful of men, if for money he were to vote against him. After the close of the last election, the manufacturer was told that this man had voted against his party, and he sent for him, and made the inquiry. The man looked very uneasy, and said that it was really so. The manufacturer said, ‘Did you not say that you would be the most ungrateful of men if you ever voted against me?’ ‘I did so,’ said he,

'and I never intended to do otherwise; but there was a great deal of money offered me, a great deal indeed, and I was quite unable to resist it.' The manufacturer said, 'And what might be the money; was it L.100?' The man said, 'Sir, a great deal more than that.' It is known that the sum paid was L.135. This statement was made to me by the manufacturer himself. To pass by the base seducers, and to bestow blame on the poor man to whom such an irresistible sum was offered, would be demanding from poor men a strength of feeling which the condition of human nature does not entitle us to expect. At the election previous to the last, the number of voters to be bought was 900; at the last election it was 1400. It is the tendency of the system to extend its corrupting ravages, and on every returning occasion to draw more and more within its vortex.

Independent of the loss of about a month's work at these contested elections, the city languishes from the continual absorption of mental energy in party politics. But for this, long before now the town would have had an efficient police, and the majesty of the law would have attained respect; enterprising men would then have ventured to establish machinery in their manufactures, which they have not dared to do. The probability is, that in such circumstances the vast spaces of ground now empty within the walls, and much land in the vicinity, would have been covered with buildings, and the population, instead of 60,000 or 70,000, would have been 120,000, or 180,000; the ground would be yielding a rental many times over what it does at present; there would have been many more opulent manufacturers and tradesmen of every description, and Norwich would have been one of the chief places in the empire. Such, however, has not been the case, and until party spirit subside, little hope can be entertained of its prosperity.

#### SONGS OF BERANGER.

THOUGH Beranger was in heart and mind a republican, he could not help being dazzled by the intellectual greatness of Napoleon, and again and again in his writings he has given vent to expressions of admiration for the genius of the emperor, and regret for his fall. Considering the height of power to which Napoleon raised the people of France, there is indeed every excuse to be made for a native of the country on this score. The more fervent the patriotism of such a one, the more apt would he be to mistake the sword-sustained greatness of France under Bonaparte for something substantial and durable, and to accord praise to him from whom it flowed. Hence it is that we must not judge harshly of Beranger for the tenor and tone of such pieces as the one that follows, and which is much admired by his countrymen. He calls it "Les Souvenirs du Peuple"—"The Recollections of the People."

They will speak of all his glory  
Round the fire for many a day;  
Lowly hearths will hear his story,  
When all other themes decay.  
Villagers at eve will cry  
To some dame with temples grey,  
"With the tale of times gone by,  
Grandame, while an hour away.  
Though he toiled us sore," they'll say,  
"Yet his name we still revere;  
His fame no time can dim:  
Of him, good mother, let us hear—  
Oh speak to us of him!"  
"Through this village, children, know,  
King-attended, did he pass;  
Ah, how long it is ago!  
Newly wedded then I was.  
Where to look on him I sat,  
Up the hill he made his way,  
Drest in trouble-peaked hat,  
And with riding-suit of grey.  
Much abashed I felt that day,  
But he cried, 'Good morn, my dear,'  
'Good morn, my dear,' he cried."  
"Then he spoke, grandame, when near?  
He spoke when by your side?"  
"In another twelvemonth's date,  
Then I saw him once again  
Walk to Notre-Dame in state,  
Followed by his courtly train.  
Pleasure beamed in every eye,  
All admired the great display;  
'Glorious time!' was then the cry,  
'Heaven favours him alway!'  
Ah, how sweet his smile that day!  
Heaven willed that he a sire become—  
One son rejoiced his view!"  
"Oh what a day for you, grandame!  
How bright a day for you!"  
"When the land of France anon  
Fell a prey to stranger hordes,  
Braving every foe alone,  
Strove he to unloose our cords.  
Scarce a day it seems to me,  
Since a knock came to my door;  
Opening it—good Heavens! 'twas he!  
With an escort small and poor.  
Where I sit, he sat before;  
'Oh this war!' did he exclaim,  
'Oh what a war of care!'"  
"Was he seated there, grandame?  
Oh was he seated there?"

"Hunger prest him sore, and I  
Had to give but bread and beer.  
Then his dress he tried to dry,  
And awhile he slumbered here.  
Much I wept, but, when awake,  
He exclaimed, 'Be hopeful still!  
Paris soon shall see me take  
Vengeance fit for France's ill!'  
I have kept, and ever will,  
Like gem of price, the glass—the same  
From which he drank that night."  
"Have you still the glass, grandame?  
Oh give it to our sight!"  
"See it here. But foemen found  
Strength to lay the hero low;  
He whose brows a pope had crowned,  
Sleeps afar where sea-waves flow.  
Long we disbelieved his loss,  
Crying, 'He will re-appear!  
Soon the ocean he will cross,  
And our foes will find their peer!'  
When the truth became too clear,  
Sore, indeed, was my distress,  
As heavy as the ill!"  
"But, grandame, kind Heaven will bless—  
Will cheer and bless you still!"

There can be no doubt that this is a true picture. The whole land of France, without the exception of one single little village within its bounds, must abound in such recollections of Napoleon. This verisimilitude has made the song extremely popular. In the following piece, we find another faithful sketch of circumstances which must have been of but too common occurrence during the late war. A dialogue takes place between mother and daughter:—

#### THE PRISONER OF WAR.

"See, the shepherd's star is shining!  
Mary, quit thy long day's toil."  
"Mother, one we love lies pining,  
Captive on a foreign soil.  
Seized at sea, far, far away,  
He yielded—but the last, they say."  
Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,  
For the captive one afar:  
Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,  
For the prisoner of war!  
"At your call, I light my lamp.  
But, my child, why yet in tears!"  
"Mother, he in dungeon damp  
Wastes—the sport of foemen's jeers.  
Adrian loved me from a boy:  
His presence filled our home with joy."  
Spin, &c.  
"Child, for him I too would spin,  
But I am so old and frail."  
"All I toil for, all I win,  
Goes to him I love and wall.  
To her wedding, Rose in vain  
Invites me—hark! the minstrel's strain!"  
Spin, &c.  
"Child, draw nigh the fire, I pray;  
Chill it grows as day declines."  
"Mother, Adrian, they say,  
In a floating dungeon pines:  
Strangers, men of cruel mood,  
Repulse his hand stretched out for food."  
Spin, &c.  
"Cheerly, daughter! I of late  
Dreamed that you were Adrian's bride,  
And my dreams, like hests of fate,  
In one month are ratified."  
"What! before the grass be green,  
Shall my dear warrior here be seen!"  
Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,  
For the captive one afar!  
Spin, poor Mary, toil and spin,  
For the prisoner of war!

Embodied in the most beautiful and polished language—not imitable, unfortunately, in an English version—these sentiments and pictures went home to the hearts of the French people. Even the bitterest opponents of Napoleon could not deny the beauty of such pieces as "The Recollections," or refrain from expressing their general admiration of the poet's genius. Between Chateaubriand and Beranger, men, in many respects, the opposite of each other, letters have recently passed, full of reciprocal respect and kindly sympathy. These epistles were published in 1832, in the Book of the Hundred and One. Beranger's is in the form of an ode, and begins thus:

Why from thy land, Chateaubriand, dost thou fly—  
Fly from her loving cares and ours afar?  
Dost thou not hear thy country sadly cry,  
"My bright sky mourns for one departed star!"  
"Where is my son?" that tender mother says,  
Battered by storms God only can abate,  
Poor as old Homer was in other days,  
Alas! he knocketh at the stranger's gate!

This whole ode is very touching, and the generous regret which it expresses for the misfortunes of Chateaubriand, who became an exile at the political crisis of 1830, called forth a reply from the banished noble, as honourable to his character as the verses alluded to were to that of his brother-poet, but political adversary. "Pierre de Beranger (says Chateaubriand) is pleased to call himself a song-writer, but, like Jean de la Fontaine, who chose to name himself

a fabulist, he has taken rank among our popular immortals. I predict to you, sir, that your reputation, great as it already is, will yet increase. Few critics at this day are capable of appreciating the perfect finish of your verses; few ears are delicate enough to taste their full harmony. The most exquisite art there lies hid under the garb of nature and ease."

In the following piece, translated by a friend, we find Beranger lamenting the dissipation of the romantic fancies, which, in his youthful mind, were coupled with the phenomena of wild-fires, or what we term in Britain Jack-a-lantern and Will-o'-the-wisp.

#### THE WILD-FIRES.

Oh summer eve, and village peace,  
Clear skies, sweet odours, gushing streams!  
Ye bless my childhood's simple dreams,  
To cheer my age, oh do not cease!  
World-weary'd, here I love to dwell,  
For ev'n these merry wild-fires tell  
Of youth and sweet simplicity.  
Oft did my heart with terror swell  
As from their dance I went to fly.  
I've lost that blissful ignorance;  
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.  
On wakeful nights, the tale went round  
Of Jack-a-lantern, cunning, cruel,  
With watch-fires of no earthly fuel,  
Guardian of treasures under ground.  
They told of goblins, unblest powers,  
Ghosts, sorcerers, and mysterious hours,  
Of dragons huge that ever flitted  
Around all dark and ancient towers:  
Such tales my easy faith admitted.  
Age hath dispelled my youthful trance;  
Dance, pretty wild-fires, dance, dance.  
Scarce ten years old, one winter night,  
Bewildered on the lonely swamp,  
I saw the wild-fire trim his lamp;  
"It is my grandame's cheerful light—  
A pretty cake she has for me."  
I said, and ran with infant glee.  
A shepherd filled my soul with dread;  
"Oh foolish boy, the lamp you see  
Lights up the revells of the dead."  
Dispelled is now my youthful trance;  
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

Love-stirred, at sixteen once I stole  
By the old curate's lonely mound:  
The wild-fires danced his grave around:  
I paused to bless the curate's soul.  
From regions of the slumbering dead,  
Methought the aged curate said,  
"Alas! unhappy reprobate,  
So soon hath beauty turned thy head!"  
That night I feared the frowns of fate.  
Still let the voice my ear entrance;  
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

Now, from such pleasing errors free,  
I feel the chilling touch of time:  
The visions of my early prime  
Have bowed to stern reality.  
But oh! I loved fair nature more,  
Ere I was taught the pedant's lore.  
The dear delusions of my youth,  
Which bound my heart in days of yore,  
Have fled before the torch of truth.  
Dearest to me my youthful trance,  
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

With one other piece we shall close our notice of Beranger on this occasion. It is an address of the poet to his old coat, and exhibits that union of sentimentality with gaiety, so characteristic of the majority of his lyrics. The Lisette mentioned in it, as well as in so many other pieces, is understood to have had no existence but in the poet's fancy.

#### BERANGER TO HIS OLD COAT.

Be faithful still, thou poor dear coat of mine!  
We, step for step, are both becoming old.  
Ten years these hands have brushed that nap of thine,  
And Socrates did never more, I hold.  
When to fresh tear and wear the time to be  
Shall force thy sore-thinned texture to submit,  
Be philosophic and resist like me:  
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.  
Full well I mind, for I forget not much,  
The day that saw thee first upon me put:  
My birth-day 'twas, and as a crowning touch  
Unto my pride, my friends all praised thy cut.  
Thy indigence, which does me no disgrace,  
Has never caused these kindly friends to flit.  
Each at my fête yet shows a gladsome face:  
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.  
A goodly darn I on thy skirts espy,  
And thereby hangs a sweet remembrance still.  
Feigning one eve from fond Lisette to fly,  
She held by thee to baulk my seeming will.  
The tug was followed by a grievous rent,  
And then her side of course I could not quit;  
Two days Lisette on that vast darned spent:  
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.  
Have e'er I made thee reek with musky steams,  
Such as your self-admiring fools exhale?  
Have I exposed thee, courting great men's beams,  
To levee mock or antechamber rail?  
A strife for ribbons all the land of France,  
From side to side, well nigh asunder split:  
From thy lapelle nothing but wild flowers glance:  
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.  
Fear no renewal of those courses vain,  
Those madcap sports which once employed our hours—  
Hours of commingling joyfulness and pain,  
Of sunshine chequered here and there with showers.  
I rather ought, methinks, thy faded cloth  
From every future service to acquit:  
But wait a while—one end will come to both:  
Mine ancient friend, we shall not sunder yet.

Beranger now lives at Tours, enjoying a small but comfortable independence. He is not a very old man,



and is understood to be employing his yet unimpaired faculties in writing a history of the stirring scenes amid which he passed his life. Being an intimate friend of Manuel, Gohier, David, and many others of the most distinguished men of modern France, his annals cannot fail to possess a lively and powerful interest.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

AMBROSE PAREY.

IN the roll of practical improvers of the useful sciences, few are entitled to a higher place than Ambrose Parey, or Paré, an illustrious "chirurgien" of France in the sixteenth century, and one to whom his successors in the profession have unanimously accorded the title of Father of Modern Surgery. Parey was born at Laval, in the province of Maine, in the year 1509. He was placed under the charge of a country chaplain, in order to receive a knowledge of Latin, but the parents of the boy were too poor to be able properly to indemnify the teacher, and the latter accordingly extracted an equivalent for his fees from his pupil, by making him dig in the garden, curry the mule, and perform other such labours. From these humble beginnings, Parey rose to be medicine-compounder to a surgeon of Laval, and, while in this situation, had an opportunity of witnessing an operation for stone, which was performed by a Parisian lithotomist, brought from town on purpose. The sight inspired the youth with the determination to go to Paris, and endeavour to get into some situation where he might prosecute to good purpose the study of the surgical art. At Paris he was fortunate enough to get into the favour of Goupi, a medical professor in the college of France, and from this time forward enjoyed the best advantages for acquiring the art to which he felt so strong a vocation. In defending his character against the calumnies of an adversary, Parey at a later period gave the following account of his professional education:—"I was resident the space of three years in the hospital of Paris [the Hotel Dieu], where I had the means to use and learn divers works of surgery upon divers diseases, together with the anatomy upon a great number of dead bodies; as oftentimes I have sufficiently made trial publicly in the Physicians' School of Paris, and my good luck hath made me see much more. For, being called to the service of the king of France (four of whom I have served), I have been in company at battles, skirmishes, assaults, and besieging of cities and fortresses; as also I have been shut up in cities with those that have been besieged, having charge to dress those which were hurt." He concludes by saying, with just pride, that in the famous city of Paris, for many long years, "there was not any cure, were it ever so difficult and great," where his hand and his counsel were not required.

The four kings of France whom Ambrose Parey served, and to each of whom, in succession, he was principal surgeon-in-ordinary, were Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. In the course of the eighty-one years of his long and useful existence, Parey witnessed an amazing number of military actions; for so great was the estimation in which he was held, that the princes, nobles, and officers of France, would scarcely take the field without his attendance, and even the common soldiery participated in the same feelings. When accompanied by their great surgeon, all classes went cheerfully to battle, assured that if human aid could save them, none would perish. The truth of this statement is forcibly shown by some circumstances which occurred at the siege of Metz, in which city a small but select band of the nobles and soldiery of France was long shut up by Charles V., at the head of an army of 100,000 men. The besieged forces petitioned their sovereign to send Ambrose Parey to them, and he was with great difficulty introduced into the city. He arrived at midnight, and the governor, who was immediately awakened to receive the good news, was so deeply sensible of the value of his acquisition, that he begged Parey to go next morning and show himself upon the breach. He did so, and was received with joy and triumph by the French army. His presence inspired them with such confidence, that the Emperor Charles found his assaults fruitless, and raised the siege, after leaving beneath the city walls not less than thirty thousand of his bravest followers. All writers have concurred in the admission, that the obstinacy of the defence was mainly owing to the presence of Parey.

Ambrose Parey attained to this high eminence while yet comparatively a young man. At the age of forty he was surgeon-in-ordinary to Henry II. We derive our acquaintance with the particulars of his career, chiefly from his own defensive or "Apologetic Treatise," containing an account of the journeys which he made to divers places, at the command of his sovereign, or in pursuit of professional knowledge.

The number of lives which Parey was personally instrumental in saving, during his numerous campaigns, is represented as having been beyond all calculation. His toils and his celebrity may be alike estimated from his own words. "When I entered into one lodging, soldiers attended me at the door to go and dress others at another lodging; when I went forth, there was striving who should have me; and they carried me, like a holy body, not touching the ground with my foot, in spite of one of another. Nor

could I satisfy so great a number of hurt people."

The great secret of Parey's success as a surgeon, both in military and other cases, was his plan of securing the blood-vessels; and to comprehend the precise nature of his process, it will be necessary to describe how amputations of limbs were performed previous to his day. From an early period, it was customary, in taking off a leg, arm, or finger, to sear the raw stump with a red-hot iron, so as to shrivel up the terminations of the arteries and other vessels, and stop the discharge of blood. Scalding oil was also applied to assist in this rude and cruel operation. It is almost needless to say, that the danger attending this style of operating was very great; the least exertion or warmth caused the partially secured arteries to burst forth, and the unhappy sufferer, in too many instances, bled to death before a new cauterisation with a red-hot iron could be applied. It was common for those who had lost a leg or arm, to be found dead in bed, in consequence of the warmth of the dressings and bed-clothes having opened the mouths of the arteries afresh. Such was the state of surgery when Ambrose Parey, a man of enlarged understanding and active habits, introduced a new practice into operative surgery, which has ever since been in universal use. In the case of a leg or arm being amputated, or on any occasion where an artery was divided, whether by accident or by the knife of the surgeon, Parey gave security to the sufferer by tying the important vessel or vessels, either at their ends, if these were exposed, or at some convenient point between the divided part and the heart. The flux of blood from that organ was thus effectually stopped. This improvement, like all great improvements, seems extremely simple, and one, apparently, demanding no particular inventive powers. Yet its full value can scarcely be estimated. It has given a degree of security to all branches of operative surgery, which was altogether unknown before. The mere amputation of a finger frequently caused a fatal loss of blood in the days of preceding surgeons, but since the introduction of the ligature by Parey, the largest vessel in the body may be divided with every prospect of safety to the patient whose malady may require it. The great French surgeon, therefore, deserves ever to be held in grateful remembrance by mankind. Parey also made an accidental discovery of another kind, which was of great service in military surgery. Under the impression that wounds caused by powder had a certain "venosity" about them, surgeons were in the habit of "cauterising the wounds with oil of elder, scalding hot." On one occasion (says Parey) "I wanted oil, and was constrained, instead of it, to apply a digestive of yolks of eggs, oil of roses, and turpentine. In the night I could not sleep in quiet, fearing some default in not cauterising, and that I should find those, to whom I had not used the burning oil, to have died poisoned, which made me rise very early to visit them, where, beyond my expectation, I found those to whom I had applied my digestive medicine to feel little pain, and their wounds without inflammation or tumour, having rested reasonably well that night. The others, to whom was used the burning oil, I found feverish, with great pain and tumour about the edges of their wounds. And then I resolved with myself never so cruelly to burn poor men wounded by gun-shot." This discovery led to a great and beneficial change in surgical practice—a change scarcely less important than that effected by the introduction of ligatures. The forge and burning coals, and the scalding oil, were from that time needed no more.

In the "Voyage to Boulogne in 1545," Parey mentions a curious incident which took place in the skirmishes between the English and the French. "One day, going through the camp to dress my hurt people, the enemies who were in the Tower of Order shot off a piece of ordnance, thinking to kill horsemen who staid to talk with one another. It happened that the bullet passed very near one of these men, which threw him to the ground, and it was thought the said bullet had touched him, which it did not at all, but only the wind of the said bullet in the midst of his coat, which went with such a force that all the outward part of the thigh became black and blue, and he had much ado to stand. I dressed him, and made divers scarifications to evacuate the effused blood, which the wind of the said bullet had made; and the rebounds that the ball made from the ground killed four soldiers, which remained dead in the place." The idea entertained by Parey, regarding the destructive powers of the wind of a bullet, continued current up almost till the present day, and indeed some surgeons yet hold the same belief. That men are frequently killed by the passage of cannon bullets, without presenting any trace of serious injury on their bodies, is an unquestionable fact. In some cases there are no marks even of a bruise on the skin. In these circumstances, it was not unnatural for Parey and others to suppose that the ball had never touched the body. But, it has been asked, if the wind of a ball is of such potency, how does it happen that buttons, feathers, and even noses and ears, are carried away by balls without the slightest injury to the vital parts which are thus closely passed? The opinion of the highest modern medical authorities seems to be, that a spent ball, striking the body obliquely, may cause a fatal concussion, without injuring the skin by the stroke. It would be difficult to explain how this should be so; but the wind of a ball is now generally deemed incapable of producing the effect ascribed to it.

Parey was a Protestant, and at the era of the mas-

sacre of St Bartholomew, would in all probability have perished with "the good Coligny" and other victims, had not the weak and wicked author of the catastrophe, Charles IX., expressly interfered to save the great surgeon from the fate to which others were pitilessly doomed. The king sent for Parey, and ordered him not to stir from the royal apartments till the danger was past. There was no true generosity here; Parey was a man whose services were too valuable to be lost. And, indeed, through his whole lengthened career of eighty-one years, he owed his favour at court to the same cause: he was too honest to hold it by common courtier-like servility. The other physicians hated him for his uncompromising straightforwardness, and their waspish hostility drew down on them some smart castigations from the old surgeon. Here is a sample of the style in which he treated a foe in his writings. Speaking of a gentleman whose limb he had amputated, he says, "I dressed him, and God cured him. I sent him to his house merry, with his wooden leg, and content, saying, that he had escaped cheaply, not to have been miserably burnt, as you write in your book."

Ambrose Parey's writings, consisting of tracts on military surgery, on anatomy, on the plague, &c., have been several times collected and published. An English translation of them was published in 1634, by Thomas Johnson, surgeon, and by him dedicated to Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

#### BLACK LABOURERS' FANCY BALL IN BRITISH GUIANA.

THE following article has accidentally met our eyes in a Liverpool paper, into which it is stated to have been copied from the *Royal Gazette of British Guiana*, of the 26th December 1839. It describes a most extraordinary, and surely in some important respects highly pleasing affair—a fancy ball given by a black labourer to his friends of the same order, and the neighbouring gentlemen. As an instance and example of good feeling between the labouring and employing class in a colony lately under the influence of slavery, and as a curious picture of manners, it seems to us entitled to extensive notice:—

"On Christmas-eve, Vincent Paradise, head labourer on the estate of Vreed-en-Hoop, entertained the sable ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance with a fancy ball. Ten or fifteen days previously to the 24th, cards of invitation, executed in the most fashionable style, were issued, not only to such as were to appear in fancy dresses, but also to numbers of white gentlemen of the first respectability in the neighbourhood. The whole day was fine, and admirably fitted for arranging the preparations of the evening. The last or five o'clock boat from the town-side of the ferry was crowded from stem to stern, and from larboard to starboard, with people of all classes and colours, from the metropolis; the deck was covered over its length and breadth with baskets, tin canisters, and band-boxes, filled with the robes of dukes and duchesses, of lords and ladies, and of peasants and country girls. Knots, epaulettes, plumes, and such ornaments as would suffer from being bruised, were laid carefully on the binnacle, on canister-lids, or carried in the hands. On arriving at the Vreed-en-Hoop Ferry Stelling, all was found to be hurry, joy, and expectation; happiness beamed on every countenance, and the greatest enemy of the colony would have sought in vain for any, even the least, symptom of the distress and oppression under which they have represented the labourers as suffering. The room in which the assembly met is a large logie among the buildings on Vreed-en-Hoop; and to it, from all directions, were seen hurrying gentlemen in great numbers, some in gigs, and others on horseback. Many of the girls and boys who were to appear in characters, drove to the place in the chaises and conveyances of their employers, in order to prevent their dresses and ornaments from being injured by walking. Proprietors, attorneys, and managers of estates up the river and down the coast, merchants, doctors, lawyers, magistrates, and private gentlemen from town and country, all assembled to participate and rejoice in the evening's amusement.

The apartment that was fitted up for the occasion is in length eighty-seven feet, and in breadth thirty-six, and its decorations were on a style in the highest degree grand and elegant. It was entered at one end, so that to a spectator going in at the door, a full view of the whole scene presented itself. A large beam runs the entire length of the room, and supports the floor above it, exactly in the middle. From this was suspended a Hogarthian line of waving drapery, richly embroidered with scarlet and gold, having arched spaces at intervals, through which persons could pass from one side to the other. It divided the apartment, through the whole length, into two equal parts, leaving a space of eighteen feet broad on each side for the dancers. From the centre of the ceiling of each side-division was hung a row of brilliant chandeliers, fantastically bedecked with variously-coloured ornaments, and at the outer extremity of both sides was suspended a similar row of lamps, the whole composing a beautiful illumination. At the upper end were executed, of evergreens and rich flowers, a device comprising the initials of Victoria Regina, and between them the crown of Great Britain. On each side of this burned a lamp of extraordinary brightness; the whole was overarched and embowered by two trees of liberty, which were planted so that their unfading and luxuriant boughs were entangled together above. A colonnade of green branches rested on the floor, close to the sides of the room; these ran the entire length of the eighty-three feet, and their foliage was trained so as to overhang the chandeliers in the middle of the side spaces. The orchestra was decorated in a tasteful and fantastic manner.

About eight o'clock the fancy guests began to assemble, and it was really difficult to know whether to admire most the costliness and elegance of the dresses, or their appropriateness to the rank and character they were



intended to represent, kings and queens, lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, naval and military officers, chiefs and haughty dames of the olden time, pirates and highwaymen, drunken sailors, and beggars upon crutches, old men tottering and paralytic, and women of equal age and frailty attending to them with an affection and care apparently as great as if they had climbed and descended the hill of life together. Little boys with their whimsical and ludicrous trappings, and girls having their brows encircled with chaplets and garlands of flowers; in a word, every variety of character that can well be imagined was present on the occasion, and many of no character at all. Numbers of respectable ladies were irresistibly attracted to survey the scene, and gentlemen of rank and standing mixed freely among the sable group.

Previously to the ball being led off by Vincent Paradise himself, who was king, and by his lady, who was queen, Daniel Stron raised himself into an erect posture from off his crutches, on which he rested a body apparently wasted by age and bent by decrepitude, and addressed the assembly in a loud, clear, and distinct voice, to the following effect:—*Ladies and Gentlemen, I see that the present meeting is composed of the natives of England, Ireland, and Scotland. It is to the exertions and good-will of the British nation, and to the kindness of our good Queen Victoria, that we owe the relieving of our necks from the yoke. It shall be our constant endeavour, both as subjects of Queen Victoria, and as agricultural labourers in the colony of British Guiana, to behave ourselves as becomes free men. I hope we shall never disgrace our good queen by acting contrary to her wish. I hope always to see plenty of labour and good crops in this colony. Gentlemen, I am glad to see you all here this evening, and I hope you will enjoy yourselves well.* As soon as Mr Stron had concluded the speech, he bent himself down upon his crutches, resumed his assumed character of a mendicant, and supported it well throughout the evening.

Dancing commenced about nine o'clock. There was room sufficient for eight sets of quadrilles, and politeness and good nature prevailed in the whole assembly. About one o'clock, or rather after, supper was announced, and there was a decorum, observed in going to, while at, and in coming from, the table, that many assemblies of higher pretensions might have been proud of. Mr Matheson, a gentleman engaged in the conducting of the affairs of the Vreed-en-Hoop estate, was in the chair, and Mr Sanderson, the manager, was croupier. It was with peculiar satisfaction that we observed seated, at the same table, the labourer and his employer, together with magistrates, professional and private gentlemen. It was a rich entertainment for a benevolent eye to behold—gentlemen of rank and standing in the colony encouraging, by their presence, the infant efforts of our emancipated population to rise into respectability, independence, and into the refinements of civilised life.

When the cloth was removed, the chairman gave 'The Queen'; and after the hearty cheers and acclamations which the toast had called forth had subsided, Vincent Paradise returned thanks, and expressed himself to the following import:—*Ladies and Gentlemen, in the name of the labourers upon this estate, I will return thanks for the health of her Majesty Queen Victoria. We all feel grateful for the gift of our freedom. I have been headman on Vreed-en-Hoop, in slavery time, in 'prentice time, and since free, and have always seen good men well treated; and I do not think that good honest labourers, who were willing to work, were ever badly treated; they might be by some masters, but not many. From the goodness of Queen Victoria that gave us our freedom, we have all opportunities of making ourselves comfortable and independent; and I hope there will not be a negro found in all this colony who will prove ungrateful to the queen and to the people of England for the important gift that they have bestowed upon us. Gentlemen, I am very happy to see you all here, and much obliged to you for coming; and I sincerely trust that the pleasure and harmony of this evening may be the forerunners of future peace and good understanding between the proprietors and the labourers of the colony.* Mr Paradise concluded his speech amid loud and continued cheering.

Mr Sanderson gave 'The Governor and Court of Policy.' This was received with great enthusiasm and loud cheering.

Mr Matheson rose and said, 'In the absence of Mr Stuart, the attorney of this estate, I have one other toast to propose, and in doing so I may be allowed to say that it has been Mr Stuart's wish, as it has been my endeavour, to cultivate a good understanding between the employer and those who conducted the labour of the estates, and I trust that the good feeling which now prevails between the employer and labourers on this estate, may long continue to the mutual benefit and satisfaction of both parties. I will now propose health, prosperity, and happiness, to our *Aosts* on this occasion, and to all the labourers of British Guiana.'

Mr Vincent Paradise said, that he felt proud for that toast, and hoped that all the labourers of British Guiana would ever be found worthy of the good opinion of the proprietors; and concluded by proposing the health of Mr Gladstone, and peace and prosperity on all the estates.

Mr Matheson—I now beg to return thanks, in the name of Mr Gladstone, for the favour just conferred on him, and I may express the pleasure I am sure he would feel were he now present here to witness the way in which his efforts to make his labourers contented and happy are appreciated.

Mr McClelland said, that, with the permission of the chair, he wished to propose a toast. He prefaced it by saying, that he would not detain the company by any lengthened remarks, although the subject was one of a very soft, delicate, and important nature, and well calculated to awaken all the finer feelings of the soul, inasmuch as every thing connected with the harmonies and elegances of human existence was intimately connected with it. He wished to propose 'The Ladies.' This was responded to with unbounded applause.

Mr McCormick proposed 'The Agricultural Interests

of this Colony,' and said he challenged the Emerald Isle, the Land of the Rose, the Land of the Thistle, and the Land of the Leek, to produce a peasantry so contented, independent, and happy, as those which are in this colony. Attempts have been made to poison their inexperienced minds, and sow the seeds of discontentment among them; but he was glad to find that they were now beginning to know their friends from their foes, and hoped that they would never become the dupes of the latter.

This was suitably acknowledged. Supper over, dancing was resumed and kept up with great spirit until after daylight in the morning.

The dresses at this fancy ball, taken altogether, cost upwards of £300 sterling, and the whole expenses of the entertainment about £400."

#### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

##### THOMAS GEDDELY'S CASE.

THOMAS GEDDELY lived as a waiter with Mrs Hannah Williams, who kept a public-house at York. It being a house of much business, and the mistress very assiduous therein, she was deemed in wealthy circumstances. One morning her scrutire was found broken open and robbed, and Thomas Geddeley disappearing at the same time, no doubt was entertained as to the robber. About a twelvemonth after, a man calling himself James Crow came to York, and worked a few days for a precarious subsistence, in carrying goods as a porter. Many accosted him as Thomas Geddeley. He declared he did not know them, that his name was James Crow, and that he never was at York before. But this was held as merely a trick to save himself from the consequences of the robbery committed in the house of Mrs Williams, when he lived with her as waiter.

His mistress was sent for, and in the midst of many people instantly singled him out, called him by his name (Thomas Geddeley), and charged him with his unfaithfulness and ingratitude in robbing her. He was directly hurried before a justice of peace, but on his examination absolutely affirmed that he was not Thomas Geddeley, that he knew no such person, that he never was at York before, and that his name was James Crow. Not, however, giving a good account of himself, but rather admitting that he was a vagabond and petty rogue, and Mrs Williams and another person swearing positively to his person, he was committed to York Castle for trial at the next assizes.

On arraignment, he pleaded not guilty, still denying that he was the person he was taken for; but Mrs Williams and some others made oath that he was the identical Thomas Geddeley who lived with her when she was robbed; and a servant girl deposed that she had seen him, on the very morning of the robbery, in the room where the scrutire was broken open, with a poker in his hand. The prisoner, being unable to prove an *alibi*, was found guilty of the robbery. He was soon after executed, but persisted to his latest breath in affirming that he was not Thomas Geddeley, and that his name was James Crow.

And so it proved! Some time after, the true Thomas Geddeley, who on robbing his mistress had fled from York to Ireland, was taken up in Dublin for a crime of the same stamp, and then condemned and executed. Between his conviction and execution, and again at the fatal tree, he confessed himself to be the very Thomas Geddeley who had committed the robbery at York, for which the unfortunate James Crow had been executed.

We must add, that a gentleman, an inhabitant of York, happening to be in Dublin at the time of Geddeley's trial and execution, and who knew him when he lived with Mrs Williams, declared that the resemblance between the two men was so exceedingly great, that it was next to impossible to distinguish their persons asunder.

##### THE RECUSANT JURYMAN.

Two men were seen fighting together in a field. One of them was found, soon after, lying dead in that field. Near him lay a pitchfork, which had apparently been the instrument of his death. This pitchfork was known to have belonged to the person who was seen fighting with the deceased, and he was known to have taken it with him only that morning. Being apprehended and brought to trial, and these circumstances appearing in evidence, and it being also found that there had been for some time an enmity between the parties, little doubt was entertained that the prisoner would be convicted, although he strongly persisted in asserting his innocence; but, to the great surprise of the court, the jury, instead of bringing in an immediate and unanimous verdict of guilty, withdrew, and after staying out a considerable time, returned, and informed the court that eleven out of the twelve had been from the first for finding the prisoner guilty, but that one man would not concur in the verdict. Upon this the judge pointed out to the dissentient person the great strength of the evidence, and asked him "How it was possible for him, all circumstances considered, to have any doubt as to the guilt of the accused?" But no arguments that could be urged either by the judge or the rest of the jury, could persuade that juryman to find the prisoner guilty; so that the rest of the jury were at last obliged to agree to the verdict of acquittal.

This affair remained for some time mysterious; but at length it came out, either by the private acknowledgment of the obstinate juryman to the judge who tried the cause (and who is said to have had the curiosity to inquire into the motives of his extraordi-

nary pertinacity), or by his confession at the point of death (for the case is related both ways), that he himself had been the murderer! The accused, indeed, as sworn on the trial, had had a scuffle with the deceased, in which he had dropped his pitchfork, which had been soon after found by the juryman, between whom and the deceased an accidental quarrel arose in the same field, where the deceased continued to work after the departure of the person with whom he was seen to have the affray. In the heat of this quarrel the juryman had unfortunately stabbed him with that very pitchfork, and had then got away totally unsuspected; but finding soon after that the other person had been apprehended on suspicion of being the murderer, and fearing, as the circumstances appeared so strong against him, that he should be convicted, although not guilty, he had contrived to get upon the jury, as the only way of saving the innocent, without endangering himself.

##### THE LOST MONEY.

The following remarkable case was communicated to us by the party in whose personal experience it occurred. The narrator had gone from Edinburgh to London to see a son there settled in a respectable situation. Having a week or two of unoccupied time, he resolved, before returning to the north, to visit Paris, and, being ignorant of the French language, made some inquiries for a companion who might act as his interpreter. "It so happened (continues the narrator) that I was intimate in Edinburgh with a Mr F—, a native of France, who, I understood, was going to Paris about the same period, but when I left Edinburgh I had no opportunity of making an arrangement with him. One Sunday afternoon, however, while walking in St James's Park, I met a friend of his, who informed me that he had received a letter from Mr F—, stating that he was to have sailed from Leith on the previous day, and that he would probably be in London on Monday evening, and informed me where I should find him.

I now considered that I could not do better than avail myself of Mr F—'s knowledge of France, and of the French language, and proceed with him to Paris. I accordingly went and found him at his lodgings on Tuesday. On that occasion, and at different times during the week, we conversed about the proposed jaunt to Paris, and it was finally resolved that on the next Sunday we should sail from London to Calais. It was also arranged, at my suggestion, that in order to prevent disappointment, Mr F— should come to my inn on the Saturday afternoon, and that we should proceed together to the vessel on the following day.

My son, who had been occupying a bedroom, the entrance to which was through my own apartment, had left it the previous day to be nearer his place of business, and I suggested that Mr F— should occupy this inner apartment, so that we might be near one another; and to this arrangement Mr F— at once agreed.

In the course of the Saturday evening we had some conversation relative to the money each of us had in his possession; and Mr F— showed me how he secured his cash in a concealed part of his dress, where it would not be suspected, in case we should fall in with any of the gentry disposed to peculation. Mr F— had a parcel of Bank of England notes, to the amount of £95, besides a considerable quantity of gold and silver. The notes he replaced in the pocket, and we soon afterwards went to bed.

Mr F—, having chanced to awake early next morning (about four o'clock, I believe), commenced counting his gold and silver, but did not meddle with his notes, as he believed them to be quite safe in the pocket of his trousers. I was awake by the jingling of the coins, and on learning what he was about, I inquired if all was right, and he answered quite right, and in a short time he went to bed, and again we fell asleep. At six o'clock, a knock was heard at our outer bedroom door, and at last 'Boots' entered, and inquired if we were in possession of all our money, and we both assured him we were, for we recollected that we had examined it on the previous evening, when all was right, and Mr F— had ascertained still more recently that his gold and silver were undisturbed. 'Boots,' however, insisted that we were in error, and told us that he had that morning found a parcel of bank notes to the amount of £95 (lying in one of the outhouses, near to the place where he cleaned his boots), which he had put into the possession of his master. On hearing the sum of £95 mentioned, Mr F— immediately arose, much agitated, knowing that such was the very amount of his notes, but at the same time feeling almost certain that he had the money quite secure. The man, however, went and brought the money from his master, which Mr F— immediately knew to be his own parcel of notes; but how it could have found its way to the coach-yard, was to us quite incomprehensible.

It soon occurred to me, however, how the circumstance had taken place. I recollected that just before going to bed, I had taken my own boots and Mr F—'s, and put them outside the door, and it must have happened that Mr F—, in taking off his trousers, which were rather tight, and he being old and stiff, the parcel of notes during the exertion must have fallen out of his pocket, into one of the boots which were lying near him at the time.

This circumstance at the moment afforded me a good deal of amusement, but when I began to reflect



upon what the consequences might have been, I was very seriously concerned.

If the circumstance had occurred in the way I have supposed, and I can conceive no other, the boots must have been taken away from the door, and thrown down with others, to the number perhaps of twenty or thirty pairs, in a small outhouse in the stable-yard, where the boots were taken to be cleaned, and as there were at all times of the day a number of hostlers, coachmen, and others, going about, the house being one of the greatest stage-coach establishments in London, the safe return of the money appears almost miraculous; for had the money fallen into the hands of a person less honest than 'Boots' himself, it is not improbable that the temptation would have overcome any scruples he might have had, the sum being large; and had the person kept it secret, no suspicion could possibly have attached to him.

Now, supposing, what is highly probable, that the money had not been returned, in what a situation should I have been placed! Take into consideration all the circumstances of the case. Knowing that Mr F— was going to reside some months in France, I must have been presumed to calculate that he would have a considerable sum of money in his custody. Finding out his residence in London, arranging to go with him to France, getting him to come to my lodging and into my own bedroom, introducing the subject regarding the securing of the money, so as to ascertain where it was concealed, would all have appeared as certain proof that I had arisen during the night, and taken possession of the money. It could scarcely have availed me to deny all knowledge of the circumstance, or allege the improbability of my having committed a robbery where it could be so easily detected. Such circumstances have often occurred before, where the desire could not be resisted. Nor could Mr F— have been blamed had he made application to the public authorities to investigate the matter. What a clear case of circumstantial evidence would any judge or jury have made out against me! At the very least, the loss of reputation for life would have been the ultimate consequence."

#### DANGER OF IGNORANCE.

There are few villages in the country which do not present us specimens of the uneducated; we meet him in the gin-shop and in the street; he is an idler, a drunkard, a quarreller: we hear of him in every riot, he is an aider and abettor in every outrage. His family are slovenly, reckless, debased, wretched. He is a quarreller because a drunkard; and he is a drunkard because he is idle. But why is he idle? Because he has never felt the value of labour, the pleasure of thinking, the joy of a good conscience. He has never been habituated to form judgments of these things. The powers necessary to form such judgments have been neglected. He has never been taught to examine, to inquire, to attend. He has become passive. He feels the pressure of want brought on by his own habits; but how does he try to remedy it? All his life he has been taught to spare, as much as possible, his own exertions, and to hang, beggar-like, as much as possible on those of others. He is the slave, from laziness, of authority. It is not in a sudden emergency he is likely to throw it off. All his life he has sacrificed, with the shortsighted selfishness of ignorance, the future to the present, and every interest, public and private, to his own. He is turbulent, but not independent: he talks of freedom, and is a slave to every man and thing around. But indolence is not a merely passive vice. Better to "wear out" than to "rust out" has been truly said; but he who "rusts out" "wears out" too. No greater burden than sloth; no greater consumer of the spirit and body of man than doing nothing and having nothing to do. Every day spent in inactivity renders action more difficult; every hour which does not add, steals away some instrument of virtue and happiness, and leaves the sluggard more at the mercy of those visitations of sickness or want to which even the industrious are exposed. Nor is this all. Omission of duty soon becomes commission of crime. Painful reflections now beset him. They are sought to be extinguished, but not by reform. Conscience drives him to fresh vice. This goes on for a time; but health, means, companions, must at last fail. Then it is that he sees, for the first time, how bootlessly he has squandered away the healthy morning-tide, the working hours of life. He has paid down existence, and all that makes existence a glory and a good, in advance. Body and soul are spent. He becomes sullen and sour. Disappointments thicken on him, and they are all of his own causing. His farm is covered with weeds, his shop deserted, his children profligate and rebels, his household a hell. He gradually becomes an enemy to all social ordinance, to law, justice, truth, good faith—to all that makes community to man. He envies and hates the good and happy; he looks on every check as a wrong, on every prosperous man as a foe. Whither is he to rush for rescue from these encompassing evils? The gospel he never understood, and therefore never practised. His religion is an hypocrisy or a superstition. It affords him now no direction in his errors, no consolation in his afflictions. He finds in it neither warmth nor light. The religion he learned never penetrated to the spirit: it was a tinkling cymbal, a jargon of meaningless and profitless words. But crime, which had long been ripe in thought, is at last on the point of bursting into act. He is at last ready for every desperate attempt. Education has been held up as the great principle of all modern restlessness and disorder. Is this the case? Let facts answer, to produce the most perfect quiet, if ignorance and absence of education could produce it. Yet is it from materials like these you are to expect the tranquillity and prosperity of a great nation? Is it in the nature of things, that out of elements so utterly evil, peace and

happiness should emanate? Private vice has but to make a few steps and a few proselytes, and it becomes public corruption: individual discontent wants only time and circumstance to spread out into general disorder. Such, indeed, are the real revolutionists; men bad and blind—blind because they are bad—a huge Polyphemus, sightless and strong, waiting only some crafty guide to lead the monster on against society. Nor is such want likely to remain long unsupplied.—*Wye on Education.*

#### THE GERMAN NIGHT WATCHMAN'S SONG.

FROM "SOUVENIRS OF A SUMMER IN GERMANY."

[A few nights since I heard a man's voice under the window singing a few simple notes. An hour flew away, and the song rose once more under the window. The singer proved to be the watchman of the little town, and his Nacht-lied, or night song, as it is beautifully called—a sort of hymn, each verse adapted to the hour at which it is sung. There is something delightful in this idea; it is deeply characteristic of the spirit of natural religion which seems to pervade Germany, and the custom is primitive and poetical to the greatest degree. What can be more touching than to hear the guardian of the silent village, as he walks his nightly rounds, thus drawing a simple moral from the fleeting hours; and invoking for the sleeping inhabitants the protection of that God who neither slumbers nor sleeps. The following is a translation.]

Hark, while I sing! our village clock  
The hour of eight, good sirs, has struck.  
Eight souls alone from death were kept,  
When God the earth with deluge swept—  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord! through thine all-prevailing might  
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night!

Hark, while I sing! our village clock  
The hour of nine, good sirs, has struck.  
Nine lepers cleansed returned not,  
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot.  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock  
The hour of ten, good sirs, has struck.  
Ten precepts show God's holy will,  
Oh! may we prove obedient still.  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock  
The hour of eleven, good sirs, has struck.  
Eleven apostles remained true,  
May we be like that faithful few!  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock  
The hour of twelve, good sirs, has struck.  
Twelve is of time the boundary—  
Man! think upon eternity.  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock  
The hour of one, good sirs, has struck.  
One God alone reigns over all;  
Nought can without his will befall.  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock  
The hour of two, good sirs, has struck.  
Two ways has man to walk been given,  
Teach me the right—the path to heav'n.  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock  
The hour of three, good sirs, has struck.  
Three Gods in one—exalted most,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,  
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord, &c.

Hark, while I sing! our village clock  
The hour of four, good sirs, has struck.  
Four seasons crown the farmer's care,  
Thy heart with equal toil prepare—  
Up—up—awake! nor slumber on,  
The morn approaches, night is gone!

Thank God, who, by his power and might,  
Has watched and kept us through this night!

#### THE LEARNED LANGUAGES.

The learned languages are still considered by many, emphatically, education. To teach them, and to teach little else, was a portion of the wisdom of our ancestors: but though wisdom in them, it does not follow it is such in us. With them it was knowledge, not for ornament but use. It was the instrument of action as well as of thought. Law, diplomacy, medicine, religion, all was Latin: a man who was no "Latiner" was a mere "villain" in education; he was deemed unfit in civil life for any situation destined for the "ingenuous" and free. But to insist on it at present, but above all as the only thing necessary, and to the sacrifice of many other things really so, is a folly of which our ancestors could not have been guilty: they did not require Hebrew to prescribe for a patient, nor was it in Greek trochaics they negotiated loans or ratified treaties of peace. Our social existence has been multiplied and spread out by recent discovery and extensive and rapid communication to an extraordinary degree. We require means and instruments corresponding with this diversity and extent, and we are still to be limited to one little manageable, and, as we are taught to manage it, of little use. Of what advantage to a merchant, to the head of a manufactory, to a military man, or to any of the numerous classes dependent on our public offices, the most complete knowledge of the ancient languages? It is a luxury, but luxuries are but poor substitutes for necessities. Men cannot live on cakes, neither will erudition conduct

through life. If they will read the ancient authors, let them read them in translations. It is not the best, but the best is attainable at too dear a rate. We live too fast in the present age to spend so much time in words. Things press upon us at every step, and an education dealing with things—a real or reality education, as the Germans term it—is the education best fitted for the practical, the reality-men—for the active classes of the community.—*Wye on Education.*

[If the above propositions be correct, why do men who consider Latin unnecessary in general education continue to introduce Latin words and sentences into their writings? By doing so, they only keep up the delusion which in other respects they are endeavouring to dissipate. It should be a fixed rule with all who wish to see youth instructed in a knowledge of things instead of words, never at any time or in any circumstances to use a single Latin or Greek expression.]

#### MACAIRE AND THE DOG.

A gentleman named Macaire, officer of the body-guard of Charles V., king of France, entertained a bitter hatred against another gentleman, named Aubry de Montdidier, his comrade in service. These two having met in the Forest of Bondis, near Paris, Macaire took an opportunity of treacherously murdering his brother officer, and buried him in a ditch. Montdidier was unaccompanied at the moment, excepting by a greyhound, with which he had probably gone out to hunt. Julius Scaliger, who tells the story, does not mention whether the dog was tied or muzzled, or in what manner the assassin got the deed accomplished without its interference. But, be this as it might, the hound lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubry de Montdidier's dearest friends, where it was welcomed warmly, and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased, the dog disappeared. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till at last the curiosity of those who saw its movements was excited, and it was resolved to follow the animal, and see if any thing could be learned in explanation of Montdidier's sudden disappearance. The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a pause on some newly-turned-up earth, where it set up the most mournful wailings and howlings. Scaliger says, that these cries were inexpressibly touching. Those who heard them dug into the ground at the spot, and found there the body of Aubry de Montdidier. It was raised and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterwards interred in one of the city cemeteries.

The dog attached itself, from this time forth, to the friend, already mentioned, of its late master. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him, and would have strangled him had it not been taken off by force. This intensity of hate on the part of the animal awakened a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder, for his body showed him to have met a violent death. Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He made Macaire and the dog be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The king interrogated Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit that he had been in any way connected with Montdidier's murder.

Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, the king ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice, in those days, between human plaintiffs and defendants. This remarkable combat took place on the isle of Notre-Dame at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The king allowed Macaire to have a strong club, as a defensive weapon; while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of a hole or recess, into which it could retreat if hard pressed. The combatants appeared in the lists. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it leapt actively around Macaire, and then, at one spring, it fastened itself upon his throat, in so firm a manner that he could not disentangle himself. He would have been strangled had he not cried for mercy, and avowed his crime. The dog was pulled from off him, but he was only liberated from its fangs to perish by the hands of the law. The fidelity of this dog has been celebrated in many a drama and poem. It is usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the combat having taken place at the Chateau of Montargis.

#### NEW PARCHMENT.

M. Pelouze states, that if a piece of paper be plunged into nitric acid at 1.5 of density, and left in it a sufficient time for saturation, say two or three minutes, and immediately washed in plenty of water, a species of parchment is produced, which is impervious to damp, and is extremely combustible; and that the same change takes place in cotton and linen stuffs. They owe this property to the xylidine, which M. Pelouze has found in starch, when treated with nitric acid and water.—*Athenaeum.*

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